actor who was watching us coining in at the stage-door at His Majesty's one day is reported to have said : " Look at Mr. Tree between his two ' stars' ! "

" You mean Ancient Lights !" answered the witty actress to whom the remark was made.

However, " e'en in our ashes burn our wonted fires," or, to descend from the sublime to the ridiculous, and from the poetry of Gray to the pantomime gag of Drury Lane and Herbert Campbell, " Better to be a good old has-been than a never-was-er ! "

But it was long before the " has-been" days that Mrs. Kendal decided not to bring her consummately dexterous and humorous workmanship to the task of playing Portia, and left the field open for me. My fires were only just beginning to burn. Success I had had of a kind, and I had tasted the delight of knowing that audiences liked me, and had liked them back again. But never until I appeared as Portia at the Prince of Wales's had I experienced that awe-struck feeling which comes, I suppose, to no actress more than once in a life-time— the feeling of the conqueror. In homely parlance, I knew that I had "got them" at the moment when I spoke tie speech beginning, " You see rne, Lord Bassanio, where I stand."

" What can this be ? " I thought. " *Quite* this thing has never come to me before! *This is different I* It has never been quite the same before."

It was never to be quite the same again.

Elation, triumph, being lifted on high by a single stroke of the mighty wing of glory—call it by any name, think

of it as you like—it was as Portia that I had my first and last sense of it. And, while it made me happy, it made me miserable because I foresaw, as plainly as my own success, another's failure.